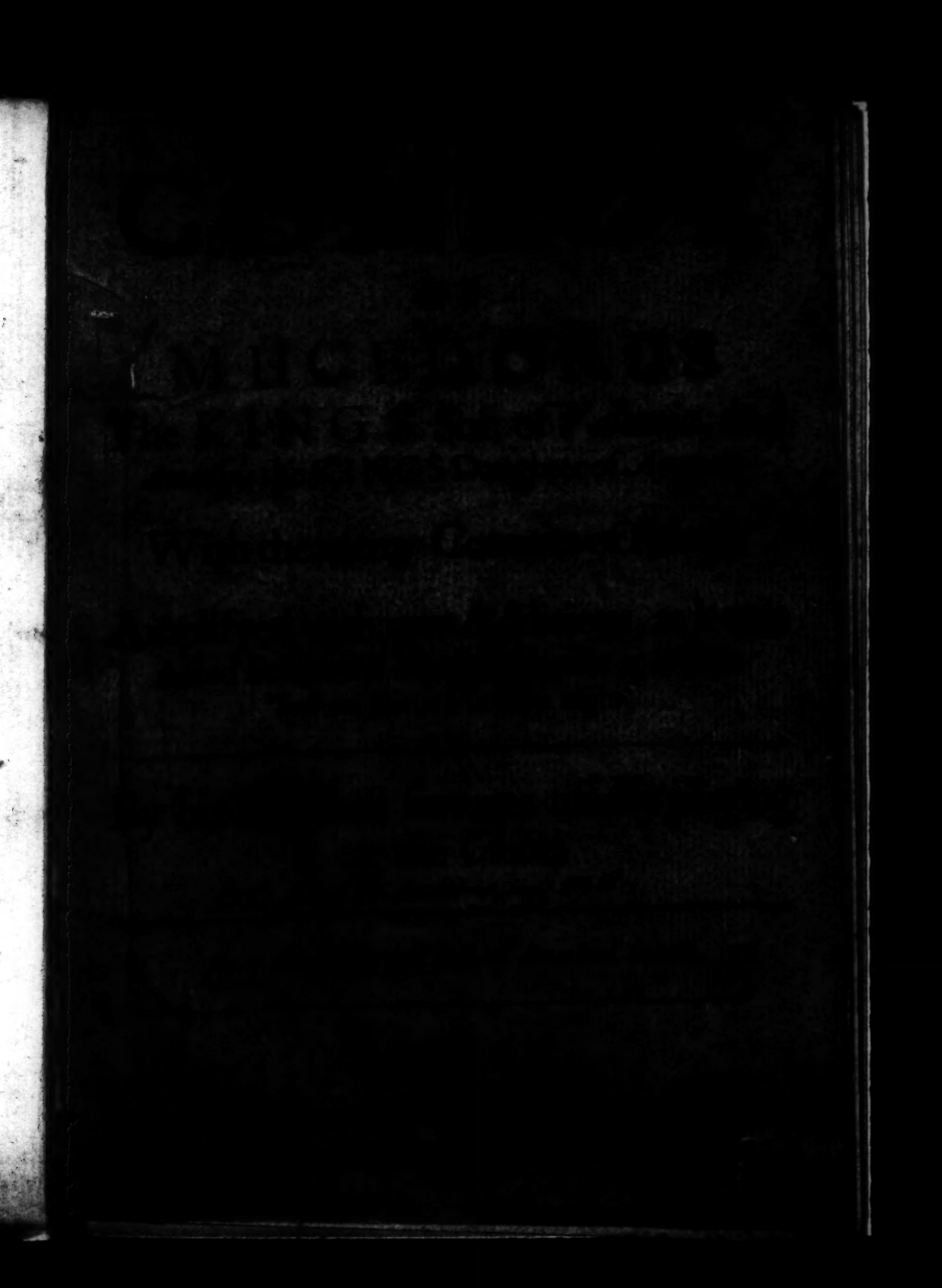

A Most pleasant

COMEDY

OF

MUCEDORUS

the KING'S Son of Valentia, and

Amadine the KING'S Daughter of Aragon.

With the merry Conceits of Mouse.

Amplified with new Additions, as it was

Acted before the Majestie at White-

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

By his Highnes Servants usually playing
at the Globe.

Very delightable and full of conceit mixed with.

LONDON,

Printed for Francis Coles, and are to be sold at his
Shop, at the Lamb in the Old Bayly. 1658.

The Prologue.

MOſt Sacred Majeſty, whoſe great deſerts
Thy ſubject England, *may the world admires:*
Which Heaven grant ſtill increaſe: O may your praiſe,
Multiplying with Your hours, Your Fame ſtill raiſe.
Embrace Your Councel: Love, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench by the arbors ſide.
So may Your Life paſs on, and run ſo even,
That Your firm zeal plant you a place in Heaven:
Where ſmiling Angels ſhall Your Guards and be
From blemiſht Traitors, ſtain'd with Perjurie.
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to Your ſway.
Be as the Sun to Day, the Day to Night,
For from Your Beams, Europe ſhall borrow Light.
Mirth drown Your Boſome, fair Delight Your Mind,
And may our Paſtime Your contentment find.

Exit.

Ten Persons may easily Play it.

The King and Romelo,	*for one.*
King Valentia,	*for one.*
Musedorus the Prince of Valentia,	*for one.*
Anselmo,	*for one.*
Amadine, the Kings Daughter of Aragon,	*for one.*
Segasto, a Nobleman,	*for one.*
Enny, Tremelio a Captain, Bremo a wild man,	*for one.*
Comedy, a Boy, an old Woman, Ariana, Amadines maid,	*for one.*
Collina Counceller, a Messenger,	*for one.*
Mouse the Clown,	*for one.*

See another Edition of this play in Vol. 38

A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Son of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy joyfully, with a Garland of Bays on her head.

WHy so thus do I hope to please;
Musick revives, and mirth is tolerable:
Comedy play thy part and please;
Make merry them that come to joy with thee:
Joy then good Gentiles, I hope to make you laugh;
Sound forth *Bellona's* silver tuned strings,
Time fits us well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy, his arms naked, besmeared with blood.

Envy. Nay stay minion, stay, there lies a block;
What all on mirth? I'll interrupt your tale,
And mix your musick with a tragick end.

Comedy. What monstrous ugly hag is this,
That dares controul the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish cur besmear'd with gory blood,
That seem'st to check the blossom of Delight,
And still the sound of sweet *Bellona's* breath:
Blush monster, blush, and post away with shame,
That seek'st disturbance of a goddess name.

Envy. Post hence thy self thou counterchecking Trull,
I will possess this habit spight of thee,
And gain the glory of this withed Part.
Ill thunder musick shall appale the Nymphs,
And make them shiver their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Danish caves.

Sound Drums within, and cry, Stab, Stab.

Hearken, thou shalt hear noise
Shall fill the air with shrilling sound,

And thunder musick to the gods above:
Mars shall himself breath down
A peerless crown upon brave *Envy*'s head,
And raise his trivial with a lasting fame:
In this brave musick *Envy* takes delight.
When I may sit and wallow in their blood,
To spurn at arms and legs quite shivered off,
And hear the cries of many thousands slain:
How lik'st thou this my Trull? 'tis sport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloudie Cur, nurc'd up with Tygers lap,
That so dost quail a womans mind:
Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to please,
And seeks to gain the love of all estates;
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with lovely tales,
And bringeth things with frebie joy to pass.
Thou bloudie, envious, disdainer of mens joys;
Whose name is fraught with bloudie stratagems,
Delights in nothing but in spoil and death,
Where thou mayst trample in their lukewarm bloud,
And grasp their hearts within thy curled paws.
Yet vail thy mind, revenge thee not on me,
A silly woman begs it at thy hands;
Give me leave to utter out my Plays.
Forbear this place, I humbly crave thee hence,
And mix not death 'mongst pleasing Comedies,
That treats nought else but pleasure and delight:
If any spark of humane rests in thee,
Forbear, be gone, tender the suit of me.

Envy. Why so I will: forbearance shall be such
As treble death shall cross thee with despight,
And make thee mourn where most thou joyest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
Whirling thy pleasures with a peal of death,
And drench thy methods in a sea of bloud;
Thus will I do: Thus shall I bear with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper spight,
I will with threats of bloud begin the play,
Favouring thee with Envy and with Hate.

Com.

Com. Then ugly monster do thy worst,
I will defend them in despight of thee:
And though thou thinkest with Tragick sumes
To prove my play unto my great disgrace;
I force it not, *I* scorn what thou canst do:
I'll grace it so, thy self shall it confess,
From Tragick stuff to a pleasant Comedie.

Envy. Why then *Comedy* send the Actors forth,
And *I* will cross the first step of their Trade,
Making them fear the very dart of death.

Com. And *I'll* defend them maugre all thy spight;
So ugly fiend farewel till time shall serve,
That we may meet to parley for the best.

Envy. Content *Comedy*, *I'll* go spread my branch,
And scattered blossoms from my envious tree,
Shall prove two monsters spoiling of their joys. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muce. Anselmo? *Ansel.* My Lord and friend,
Whose dear affections bosome with my heart,
And keep their domination in one orb,
Whence near disloyaltie shall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choise respect.

Muce. Much blame were mine if *I* should other deem,
Nor can coy fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anselmo*, loth *I* am to say *I* must enlarge thy friend-
Misconstrue not, 'tis from the Realm not thee:
Though lands part bodies, Hearts keep company;
Thou knowest that *I* imparted often have
Private relations with my Royal Sire,
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragon*, bright Jewel: whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies never shone so gay;
Excelling not excell'd, yet lest report
Does mangle Veritie, boasting of what is not,
Wing'd with Desire, thither I'll straight repair,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, fair.

Ansel. Will you forsake *Valentia*? leave the Court?

Absent

Absent you from the eye of Soveraignetie,
Do not sweet Prince, adventure on that task,
Since danger lurks each where, be won from it.

Muce. Desist disswasion,
My resolution brooks no batterie,
Therefore if thou retain thy wonted form,
Assist what *I* intend.

Ansel. Your miss will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frostie dew upon that beauty,
Whose front *Valentia* stoops to.

Muce. If thou my welfare tender, then no more;
Let Loves strong Magick charm thy trivial phrase,
Wasted as vainly as to gripe the Sun:
Augment not then more answer, lock thy lips,
Unless thy wisdom sure me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

Ansel. That action craves no councels,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Than best usurped shape.

Muce. Thou still art opposite in disposition,
A more obscure servile habilment
Beseems this enterprise.

Ansel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebank*.

Muce. 'Tis much too tedious, *I* dislike thy judgement,
My mind is grafted on an humbler stock.

Ansel. Within my closet does there hang a Cassock,
Though base the weed is, 'twas a Shepherds,
Which *I* presented in Lord *Julius* Mask.

Muce. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Mask *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view,
That habit suits my mind, fetch me that weed.

Exit Anselmo.

Better then Kings have not disdain'd that state,
And much inferiour to obtain their mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepherds coat.

So, let our respect command thy secrecie,
At once a brief farewel,
Delay to lovers is a second hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*

Ansel.

Ansel. Prosperitie sore-run thee: Ankward chance
Never be neighboure to thy wishes venture,
Content and Fame advance thee, Ever thrive,
And glory thy morsalitie survive.

Enter Mouse with a bottle of hay.

Mouse. O horrible terrible! Was ever poor Gentleman so scar'd out of his seven senses? A Bear? Nay sure it cannot be a Bear, but some Devil in a Bears doublet: for a Bear could never have had that agilitie to have frighted me. Well, I'll see my father hang'd before I'll serve his horse any more: Well, I'll carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers horse turn Puritan, and observe Fasting days, for he gets not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore *I'll* take the other path, and because *I'll* be sure to have an eye to her, *I* will shake hands with some foolish Creditor, and make every step backward.

As he goes backward, the Bear comes in, and he tumbles over her, and runs away, and leaves his bottle of hay behind him.

Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him, being pursued with a Bear.

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or else we are but dead.

Ama. Help *Segasto*, help, help sweet *Segasto*, or else *I* die.

Segasto runs away.

Segast. Alas Madam there is no way but flight.
Then haste and save your self.

Ama. Why then *I* die. Ah help me in distress.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a sword drawn, and a Bears head in his hand.

Muce. Stay Lady, stay, and be no more dismaid,
That cruel beast most merciless and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to find his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carcass now lies headless void of breath.

Ama. That fond deformed Monster, is he dead?

Muce. Assure your self thereof, behold his head.

Which if it please you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yield it to your Majesty.

Ama. Thanks worthy Shepherd, thanks a thousand times,
This gift assure thy self contents me more,
Than greatest bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muce. Most gracious goddess, more than mortal wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no less,
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance
To undertake this enterprize in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad our princely mind.

Ama. No goddess (Shepherd) but a mortal wight,
A mortal wight distressed as thou seest:
My father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his only daughter am,
And after him sole air unto the Crown:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marry me unto *Segasto*,
On whose wealth through fathers former usury,
Is known to be no less than wonderful:
We both of custome ostentimes did use,
(Leaving the Court) to walk within the fields
For recreation, especially the Spring,
In that it yields great store of rare delights:
And passing further then our wonted walks,
Scarce entred within these lpckless woods,
But right before us down a steep hill,
A monstrous ugly Bear did hie him fast
To meet us both: I faint to tell the rest.
Good Shepherd but suppose the grisly looks,
The hideous fears, the hundred thousand woes
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

Muce. Yet worthy Princess let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former joys revive.

Ama. Believe me Shepherd, so it doth no less.

Muce. Long may they last unto your hearts contents.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him?
Segasto call'd; what is become of him?

Ama.

Ama. I know not I, what know the powers divine,
But God grant this, that sweet *Segasto* thine
Muce. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to save himself by flight,
And leave so brave a Princess to the spoil.
Ama. Well Shepherd, for thy worthy valour shewed,
Endangering thy self to set me free,
Unrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainly known,
Throughout the Kingdom will I spread thy name,
To thy renown and never dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better known,
Bear thou the head of this monstrous beast,
In open sight to every Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court.
Muce. Withall my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. When beaps of ills do hover over head,
'Tis time as then (some say) to look about,
And of ensuing harms to chuse the least,
But hard, yea hapless is that wretches chance,
Luckless his lot, and caitiff-like accurst,
At whose proceeding Fortune ever frowns,
My self I mean most subject unto thrall,
For I, the more I seek to shun the worst,
The more by proof I find my self accurst.
Ere whiles a flanked with an ugly Bear,
Fair *Amadine* in company all alone,
Forthwith by flight I thought to save my self,
Leaving my *Amadine* unto her shifts:
For death it was to resist the Bear,
And death no less of *Amadine* harms to hear.
Accurst I, in lingring life thus long:
In living thus, each minute of an hour
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths.
If she by flight her fury doth escape,
What will she think?

VVill she not say, yea flatlie to my face,
Accusing me of meer disloyaltie.
A trusty friend is tried in time of need:
But *I*, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cried, *Segaste* help,
I turn'd my back and quickly ran away,
Unworthy *I* to bear this vital breath.
But what, what need these plaints?
If *Amadine* do live, then happy *I*,
She will in time forgive, and so forget:
Amadine is merciful, not *Juno* like,
In harmful hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clown, running, crying clubs.

Mou. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bills, O help,
A Bear, a Bear, a Bear.

Seg. Still Bears, and nothing but Bears.
Tell me sirrah, where she is.

Clow. O Sir, she is run down the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Segast. Thou tallst of wonders to tell me of white Bears.
But sirrah, didst thou ever see any such?

Clow. No faith, *I* never saw any such:
But *I* remember my fathers words,
He bad take heed *I* was not caught with the white Bear.

Segast. A lamentable tale on doubt.

Clow. *I*'ll tell you what Sir; as *I* was going a field to serve my fathers great horse, and carried a bottle of hay upon my head: Now do you see Sir, *I* fast hudwink, that *I* should see nothing, *I* perceiving the Bear coming, *I* throw my hay into the hedge, and ran away.

Segast. VVhat from nothing?

Cl. *I* warrant you yes, *I* saw something: for there was two load of thorns besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segast. But tell me sirrah, the Bear that thou didst see,
Did she not bear a bucket on her arm?

Clow. He, he, he, *I* never saw a Bear go a milking in all my life. But hark you Sir, *I* did not look so high as her arm,
I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Segast. But tell me sirrah: where dost thou dwell?

Clow. Why do you not know me?

Segast. VVhy no, how should *I* know thee?

Clow. VVhy then you know no body, and you know not me: *I* tell you Sir, *I* am goodman Rats son of the next parish over the hill.

Segast. Goodman Rats son, what's thy name?

Clow. VVhy *I* am very neer kin unto him.

Segast. *I* think so, but what's thy name?

Clow. My name? *I* have a very pretty name. *I* will tell you what my name is, my name is *Mouse*.

Segast. VVhat, plain *Mouse*?

Clow. *I* plain *Mouse* without either welt or guard. But do you hear sir, *I* am a very young Mouse, for my tail is scarce grown out yet; look here else.

Segast. But *I* pray you who gave you that name?

Clow. Faith, Sir, *I* know not that, but if you would fain know, ask my fathers great horse, for he hath been half a yeer longer with my father then *I* have been.

Segast. This seems to be a merry fellow, *I* care not if *I* take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled mind,
A merry man a merry Master makes,
How saist thou sirrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay soso Sir, two words a bargain. Pray what Occupation are you?

Segast. No Occupation, *I* live upon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no Master for me. VVhy, do you think that *I* am so mad to go to seek my living in the lands among the stones, briers, and bushes, and tear my holy day apparel? not *I* by your leave.

Segast. VVhy, *I* do not mean thou shalt. *Clow.* How then?

Seg. VVhy thou shalt be my man, & wait on me at Court.

Clow. VVhat's that? *Segast.* VVhere the King lies.

Clow. VVhat is that King, a man or a woman?

Segast. A man as thou art.

Clow. As *I* am: Hark you Sir, pray you what kin is he to goodman King of our parish the Church warden?

Segaſt. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clow. King of the whole Land! I never ſaw him a day.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me thou ſhalt ſee him every day.

Clow. Shall I go home again to be torn in pieces with Bears? No not I, I will go home and put on a clean ſhirt, and then go drown my ſelf.

Seg. Thou ſhalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not then here's my hand, I'll dwell with you: And hark you Sir, now you have entertained me, I'll tell you what I can do, I can keep my tongue from picking and ſtealing, and my hands from lying and ſlandering, I warrant you, as well as ever you had any man in your life.

Segaſt. Now will I to Court with ſorrowful heart, ſounded with doubts: if *Amadine* do live, then happy I; yea happy I, if *Amadine* do live.

Enter the King with a young priſoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counſellors.

King. Now brave Lords, our wars are brought to end,
Our foes the foil, and we in ſafety reſt:
It us behoves to uſe ſuch clemency in peace,
As valour in the wars;
'Tis as great honour to be bountiful at home,
As conquerours in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries ſafeguard,
We are diſpoſed in marriage for to give
Our daughter unto Lord *Segaſt* here,
Who ſhall ſucceed the Diadem after me,
And reign hereafter as I to fore have done,
Your ſole and lawful King of *Aragon*.
What ſay you Lordlings, like you of my advice?

Col. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, we do not only allow of your Highneſs pleaſure, but alſo vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adraſtus* live,
He will at full requite your courteſies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take unto thee the *Catelowe*, a Prince,
Lately our prisoner taken in the wars:
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine:
We'll think of it when leisure shall afford:
Mean while do use him well, his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Majesty, his usage shall be such,
As he thereat shall have no cause to grutch. *Exit.*

King. Then march we on to Court and rest our wearied limbs.
But *Collin*, I have a tale in secret fit for thee,
When thou shalt hear a watch-word from thy King,
Think then some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concern our state,
Then *Collin* look thou be not far from me,
And for thy service thou tofore hast done,
Thy truth and valour prov'd in every point,
I shall with bounties thee inlarge therefore:
So guard us to the Court.

Col. What so my Soveraign doth command me to do,
With willing mind I gladly yield consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clown, with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirrah, how do you like your weapons?

Clow. O very well, very well, they keep my sides warm.

Seg. They keep the dogs well from your shins, do they not?

Clow. How, keep the dogs from my shins? I would scorn but my shins should keep the dogs from them.

Segast. Well sirrah, leaving idle talk, tell me,
Dost thou know Captain *Trenchlio's* chamber?

Clow. I very well, it hath a door.

Segast. I think so, for so hath every chamber:
But dost thou know the man?

Clow. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath every one.

Clow. That's more then I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captain that was here with the King, that brought the young Prince prisoner?

Clow. O very well.

Segast. Go to him, and bid him come unto me:
Tell him I have a matter in secret to impart to him.

Clow. I will Master, what's his name? *Seg.*

Segast. Why Captain *Tremelio.*

Clow. O, the meal-man: I know him very well, He brings meal every Saturday; But hark you Master, Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

Segast. No sirrah, he must come to me.

Clow. Hark you Master, if he be not at home, What shall I do then?

Segast. Why then leave word with some of his folks.

Clow. O Master if there be no body within, I will leave word with his dog.

Segast. Why can his dog speak?

Clow. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber else?

Segast. To keep out such knaves as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Ladie then go your self.

Segast. You will go sir, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I. O 'tis come to my head: And he be not within, I will bring his chamber to you.

Segast. What, will you pluck down the Kings house?

Clow. No by Ladie, I'll know the price of it first. Master, it is such a hard name I have forgotten it again: I pray you tell me his name.

Segast. I tell thee Captain *Tremelio.*

Clow. O Captain treble knave, Captain treble knave.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirrah, dost thou call me?

Clow. You must come to my Master, Captain treble knave.

Tre. My Lord *Segasto*, did you send for me?

Segast. I did *Tremelio.* Sirrah about your business.

Clow. I marrie, what's that, can you tell?

Segast. No, not well.

Clow. Marrie then I can, streight to the kitchin-dresser to *John* the Cook, and get me a good piece of bief and brewis, and then to the butterie hatch to *Thomas* the Butler for a jack of beer: and there for an hour I will so belabour my self, and therefore I pray you call me not till you think I have done, I pray you good Master. *Exit.*

Segast. Well Sir, away.

Tremelio. This is it, thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*,

Spread

Spread through all the kingdom of *Aragon*,
And such as have found triumph and favours,
Never daunted at any time; but now a shepherd
Admired in Court for worthiness,
And *Segasto*'s honour laid aside:
My will therefore is this, that thou dost find some means to work the shepherds death: I know thy strength sufficient to perform my desire, and to love no otherwise than to revenge my injuries.

Tre. It is not the frowns of a shepherd that *Tremelio* fears:
Therefore account it accomplisht what I take in hand.

Segast. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy self,
What I promise, that I will perform.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time:
See where he cometh; stand by awhile,
And you shall see me put in practice your intended drift.
Have at thee Swain, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muce. Vile coward, so without cause to strike a man:
Turn coward, turn: now strike and do thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold shepherd, hold, spare him, kill him not:
Accursed villain, what hast thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou living didst prove faithful to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now living will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio* with revenge.
Blood-thirstie villain, born and bred in merciless murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay the hands upon the least of mine?
Assure thy self thou shalt be used according to the law.

Muce. *Segasto* cease, these threats are needless,
Accuse me not of murder, that have done nothing
But in mine own defence.

Segast. Nay shepherd, reason not with me,
I'll manifest thy fact unto the King;
Whose doom will be thy death, as thou deservest.
What hoe: *Mouse* come away.

Enter Memph.

Clow. Why how now? what's the matter? I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segast. Come, help away with my friend.

Clow. Why is he drunk? can he not stand on his feet?

Segast. No, he is not drunk, he is slain.

Clow. Slain? No by Ladie he is not slain.

Segast. He is kill'd I tell thee. (no longer.

Clow. What do you use to kill your friends? I will serve you

Segast. I tell thee the Shepherd killed him.

Clow. O did he so? But Master, I will have all his apparel if I carry him away.

Segast. Why so thou shalt.

Clow. Come then I will help: Mass Master, I think his mother sung loobie to him, he is so heavie. *Exeunt.*

Memp. Behold the fickle state of man, always mutable, never at one.

Sometime we feed our fancies with the sweet of our desires:
Sometimes again, we feel the bane of extream miseries.
Now am I in favour about the Court and Country,
To morrow those favours will turn to frowns.
To day I live revenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe revenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wild man.

Bremo. No passenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that seldom doth befall,
What, not one? Then lie thou there,
And rest thy self all I have further need:
Now *Bremo* sith thy leisure so affords,
An endless thing, who knows not *Bremo's* strength,
Who like a King commands within these woods?
The Bear, the Boar dare not abide his sight,
But haste away to save themselves by flight.
The Chrystal waters in the bubling brooks,
When I come by do swiftly slide away,
And claps themselves in cloiets under banks,
Afraid to look bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged oaks at *Bremo's* breath do bow,
And all things else are still at my command. Else

Else what would I?
Rend them in pieces, and pluck them from the earth,
And each way else I would revenge my self,
Why, who comes here? with whom dare I not fight?
Who fights with me and doth not die the death? Not one.
What favour shews this sturdie stick to those
That here within these woods are combatants with me?
Why, death, and nothing else but present death.
With restless rage I wander through these woods,
No creature here, but teareth *Bremo's* force:
Man, woman, child, beast, and bird,
And every thing that doth approach my sight,
Are forc'd to fall, if *Bremo* once do frown.
Come, cudgel come, my partner in my spoils:
For here I see this day it will not be;
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat sufficeth to work my will.
What, comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will serve when we shall better speed.

Enter the King, Segasto, Shepherd, and the Clown, with others.

King. Shepherd, thou hast heard thine accusers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
What canst thou say? thou hast deserved death.

Muco. Dread Soveraign, I must needs confess,
I slew this Captain in my own defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Segast. Words will not here prevail.
I seek for justice, and justice craves his death.

King. Shepherd, thy own confession hath condemned thee;
sirrah, take him away, and do him to execution straight.

Clow. So he shall, I warrant him:
But do you hear Master King, he is kin to a Monky,
His neck is bigger then his head.

Seg. Come sirrah, away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clow. Yes forsooth, I warrant you, come you sirrah:
A, so like a sheep-biter a looks.

Enter Amadine, and a boy with a Bears head.

Amo. Dread Soveraign, and well beloved Sir,
On bended knee I crave the life of this condemned Shepherd, which heretofore preserved the life of thy sometime distressed daughter.

Kin. Preserved the life of my sometime distressed daughter?
How can this be? I never knew the time
Wherein thou wast distress'd: I never knew the day
But that I have maintained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the daughter of a King.
I never saw the Shepherd until now.
How comes it then that he preserv'd thy life?

Amo. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further then our accustomed manner was,
Right before us down a steep fall hill,
A monstrous ugly Bear did hie him fast
To meet us both: now whether this be true,
I refer it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true and like your Majesty.

Kin. How then?

Amo. The Bear being eager to obtain his prey,
Made forward to us with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow us both at once:
The sight whereof did make us both to dread:
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who, for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segasto*'s valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flie,
Left me distress'd to be devour'd of him.
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Amo. Then I amaz'd distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that ugly Bear,
But all in vain: for why he reached after me.
And hardly I did oft escape his paws,
Till at length this shepherd came,
And brought to me his head.
Come hither boy, lo here it is, which I do present unto your Majestie.

King. The slaughter of this Bear deserves great fame.

Segast.

Segast. The slaughter of a man deserves great blame.
King. Indeed occasion oftentimes so falls out.
Segast. *Tremelio* in the wars (O King) preserved thee.
Ama. The shepherd in the woods (O King) preserved me.
Segast. *Tremelio* fought when many man did yield.
Ama. So would the shepherd had he bout in field.
Clow. So would my master, had he not run away.
Segast. *Tremelio's* force saved thousands from the foe.
Ama. The shepherds force hath many thousands moe.
Clow. Aye Shipsticks nothing else.
King. *Segasto* cease to accuse the shepherd,
His worthiness deserves a recompence;
All we are bound to do the shepherd good.
Shepherd, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,
So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.
Segast. Thanks to your Majestie.
King. But soft *Segasto*, not for this offence,
Long maist thou live; and when the sisters shall decree
To cut in twain the twisted threed of life,
Then let him die, for this I set him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Ama. Thanks to your Majestie.
King. Come daughter, let us now depart to honor the worthy valour of the shepherd, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clow. O Master, hear you, you have made a fresh hand now,
I thought you would, beshrew you: what will you do now?
You have lost me a good occupation by this means!
Faith Master now I cannot hang the shepherd,
I pray you let me take pains to hang you,
It is but half an hours exercise.
Seg. You are still in your knaverie.
But sith I cannot have his life,
I will procure his banishment for ever. Come on sirrah.
Cl. Yes forsooth I come. Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muce. From *Amadine*, and from her Fathers Court,
With gold and silver and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the banks of gold and treasures:

More may I boast and say I but I
Was never Shepherd in such dignitie.

Enter the Messenger and the Clown.

Mes. All hail worthy shepherd.
Clow. All rain lousie shepherd.
Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?
Mes. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court;
shepherd be gone.
Clow. Shepherd take Law-legs, flie away shepherd.
Muce. Whose words are these? came these from *Amadine*?
Mes. I, from *Amadine*. *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine*.
Muce. Ah luckless fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliss is now become my bale.
Clow. What wilt thou poison thy self?
Muce. My former heaven is now become my hell.
Cl. The worst Alehouse that ever I came in, in all my life.
Muce. VVhat shall I do?
Clow. Even go hang thy self.
Muce. Can *Amadine* so churlishly command,
To banish the shepherd from her fathers Court?
Mes. VVhat should shepherds do in the Court?
Clow. VVhat should shepherds do among us;
Have not we Lords enough on us in the Court?
Muce. Why, shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.
Mes. Shepherds are men, and masters over their flocks.
Clow. That's a lie, who pays them their wages then?
Mes. Well, you are always interrupting of me;
But you were best to look to him, lest you hang for him when he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clown singe.

Clow. And you shall hang for company,
For leaving me alone.
Shepherd stand forth and hear my sentence.
Shepherd be gone within three days, in pain of my displeasure,
Shepherd be gone, shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone,
Shepherd, shepherd, shepherd.
Muce. And must I go? and must I needs depart?

Ye

Ye goodly groves, partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frown,
Poor forth your plaints, and wail a while with me:
And thou bright Sun, the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leave me comfortless:
Ye wholsome herbs and sweet smelling flowers:
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your aid, in woful sort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. *Ariena*, if any body ask for me,
Make some excuse till I return.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Ama. Do you the like to him, I meane not to stay long. *Exit.*

Muce. This voice so sweet my pining spirit revives.

Ama. Shepherd, well met, tell me how thou dost.

Muce. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepherd, although thy banishment be already decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine*—

Muce. Ah *Amadine*, to hear of banishment is death:
I double death to me but since I must depart, one thing I crave.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muce. That in absence either far or near,
You honour me as servant to your name.

Ama. Not so.

Muce. And why?

Ama. I honour thee as sovereign of my heart.

Muce. A shepherd and a Sovereign, nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough where there is no dislike.

Muce. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepherd it is only *Segasto* that procures thy banishment.

Muce. Unworthy wights are most in jealousie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

Muce. Amen I say, to have your company.

Ama. Well shepherd sith thou sufferest thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me live,
On this condition shepherd that thou canst love.

Muce. No longer love, no longer let me live.

Ama.

Am. Of late I loved one indeed, but now I love none but on-
Mu. Thanks worthie Princess: I burn likewise, (ly thee,
Yet smothen up the blast:
I dare not promise what I may perform.
Ama. Well shepherd, hark what I shall say,
I will return unto my fathers Court,
There for to provide me of such necessaries
As for my journie I shall think most fit,
This being done, I will return to thee;
Do thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.
Muce. Down in the valley where I slew the Bear,
And there doth grow a fair broad branched beech,
That overshades a Well, so who comes first,
Let them abide the happy meeting of us both.
How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.
Muce. Now if you please you may appoint the time.
Ama. Full three hours hence, God willing I will return.
Muce. The thanks that *Paris* gave the Grecian Queen,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yield.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three hours farewel. *Exit.*
Muce. Your departure Lady breeds a privy pain. *Exit.*

Enter Segastus solus.

Segast. 'Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will:
Should such a shepherd, such a simple swain as he,
Eclipse thy credit through the Court?
No, ply *Segasto*, ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A shepherd hath *Segasto's* honour won.

Enter Mouse the Clown, calling his Master.

Clow. What, hoe Master, will you come away?
Seg. Will you come hither, I pray you, what is the matter?
Clow. Why, is it not past eleven of the clock?
Seg. How then sir?
Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.
Seg. I pray you come hither.
Clow. Here's such a do with you, will you never come?
Seg. I pray sir, what news of the message I sent you about?
Clow. I tell you all the messes be on the table already.

There

There wants not so much as a mess of mustard half an hour.

Seg. Come sir, your mind is all upon your belly.

You have forgotten what I bid you do.

Clow. Faith, I know nothing, but you bad me go to break-fast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clow. Faith I have forgotten it, the very scent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You have forgotten the Arrand I bid you do.

Clow. What Arrand, an arrant knave, or an arrant whore?

Seg. Why thou knave, did I not bid thee banish the shepherd.

Clow. O the shepherds Bastard.

Seg. I tell thee the shepherds Banishment.

Clow. I tell thee the shepherds Bastard shall be well kept, I'll look to it my self: but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you have banished him or no?

Clo. Why I cannot say banishment if you would give me a thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you whorsom slave, have you forgotten that I sent you and another to drive away the shepherd?

Clow. What an ass are you? here's a stir indeed: Here's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you have drove him away?

Clow. Faith I think I have, and you will not believe me, ask my staff.

Seg. Why can thy staff tell?

Clow. Why he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I, that have obtain'd my will.

Clow. And happier I if you would go to dinner.

Seg. Come sirrah, follow me.

Clow. I warrant you I will not lose an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promise you I thought seven years before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine solus.

Ama. God grant my long delay procures no harm,
For this my tarrying frustrate my presence:
My *Mucedorus* surely stays for me,

And

And thinke me over long, at length I come,
My presence promise to performe.
Ah what a thing is firme unfained love!
What is it that true love dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I must match:
Segasto loves, but *Amadine* must like
Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall?
No, no, the heartie choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* esteems.
But what, methinks the Shepherd is not come;
I muse at that, the hour is at hand.
Well, here I'll rest till *Mucedorus* come. *She sits down.*

Enter Bremo, looking about hastily, takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey, now *Bremo* feed on flesh:
Dainties *Bremo*, dainties thy hungry paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedie guts with lukewarm blood:
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.
Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?
Bre. What canst not fight? then lie thee down and die.
Ama. What must I die?
Bre. What needs these words? I thirst to suck thy blood.
Ama. Yet pity me, and let me live awhile.
Bre. No pitie I, I'll feed upon thy flesh,
And tear thy body peece-meal joint by joint.
Ama. Ah now I want my Shepherds company.
Bre. I'll crush thy bones betweene two oaken trees.
Ama. Hast Shepherd, hast, or else thow comst too late.
Bre. I'll suck the sweetnes from thy marrow-bones.
Ama. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltles blood.
Bre. With this my Bat I will beat out thy brains:
Down, down I say, prostrate thy self upon the ground.
Then Mucedorus farewel, my hoped joys farewel;
Yea farewel life, and welcome presens death. *She kneels.*
To thee, O God, I yield my dying ghost.
Bremo Now *Bremo*, play thy part.
How now, what sudden chance is this?
My limbs do tremble, and my sinews shake.

My

My unweakned arms have lost their former force?
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, what a foil hadst thou,
That yet at no time was afraid,
To dare the greatest gods to fight with thee. *He strikes.*
And now wants strength for one down driving blow?
Ah how my courage fails when I should strike!
Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast,
Saith, spare her *Bremo*, spare her, do not kill:
Shall I spare her that never spared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it, lay again:
I cannot wield my weapon in my hand,
Me thinks I should not strike so fair a one:
I think her beautie hath bewitcht my force,
Or else with me altred natures course.
Ay woman, wilt thou live in the woods with me?

Amo. Fain would I live, yet loth to live in woods.

Br. Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muce. It was my will an hour ago and more,
As was my promise for to make return:
But other business hindred my presence.
It is a world to see, when men appoints,
And purposely on certain things decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
What one would wish, the same is farthest off,
But yet the appointed time cannot be past.
Nor hath her presence yet prevented me:
Well, here I'll stay, and expect her coming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is pursu'd no doubt,
Perhaps some search for me, 'tis good to doubt the worst:
Therefore I'll be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within, hold him, hold him. Enter Mouse the Clown, with a pot.

Clow. Hold him, hold him: here's a stir indeed; here came hue after the Crier; and I was set close at mother *Nips* house,

and there I called for three pots of ale, as 'tis the manner of us Courtiers; Now firrah, I had taken the muldenhead of two of them, and as I was lifting up the third to my mouth, there came, hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: Well I'll see, mass I cannot see him yet; well I'll look a little further, mass he is a little alive if he be here: why here's no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot, I marry there's the matter: but I care not, I'll face her out, and call her old ruffle, duffle muffle, fuffle, cruffle Firebrand, and worse then all that, and so face her out of her pot: but soft, here she comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knave, where's my pot you knave?

Clo. Go look your pot, come not to me for your pot, I were good for you.

Old. Thou hast thou knave, thou hast my pot.

Clo. You lie and you say it, I your pot! I know what I'll say.

Old. Why what wilt thou say?

Clow. But say I have it and thou dare!

Old. Why thou knave, thou hast not only my pot, but my drink unpaid for.

Clow. You lie like an old, I will not say whore.

Old. Dost thou call me whore? I'll cap thee for my pot.

Clow. Cap me and thou dare!

Search me whether I have it or no.

She searcheth him, and he driveth down her head, and casteth down the pot, she stumbleth at it: and then they fall together by the ears: she takes up her pot and runs out.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. How now firrah, what the matter?

Clow. O flies Master, flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clow. O here Master, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou fleft, I think thou art mad.

Clow. Why Master I have had a dung carefull at the least.

Seg. Go to firrah, leave this idle talk, give ear to me.

Clow. How, give you one of my ears?

Not

Not an you were ten masters.

Seg. Why sir, I pray you give ear to my words.

Clow. I tell you I will not be made a cuttal for no mans pleasure.

Seg. I tell thee attend what I say, Go thy ways straight and rear the whole Town.

Clow. How, rear the whole Town? even go your self, it is more than I can do: Why, do you think that I can rear a town, that can scarce rear a pot of ale to my head, I should go rear a town, should I not?

Seg. Go to the Constable and make a privie search, For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

Cl. How? is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd?

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clow. What a fool is she to run away with the Shepherd; why *I* think I am a little handsomer man than the Shepherd my self: but tell me Master, must *I* make a privie search, or search in the privie?

Seg. Why dost thou think they will be there?

Clow. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then search every where, Leave no place unsearcht for them.

Clow. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old Firebrands house, and will not leave one place unsearched: Nay I'll to the Ale-stand, and drink so long as I can stand; and when I have done, I'll let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the barrel; and if I find him not there, I'll not leave one corner of her house unsearcht, ifaith ye old Crust, I'll be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Musick.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Ruberigo, Lord Bonachius, with others.

King. Enough of musick, it but adds to torment, Delights to vexed Spirits are as dates Set to a sick man, which rather cloy then comforts. Let me intreat you to intreat no more. *Musick.*

Rod. Let your strings sleep, shame have done there.

King. Mirth to a soul ill tun'd are embers turn'd

Which sudden gleam with molestation,
But sooner lose their sight for't;
'Tis gold bestow'd upon a Rioter,
Which not relieves but murthers him.
'Tis a drug given to the healthful,
Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath lost his son,
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no; till *Mucedorus I* shall see again,
All joy is comfortless, all pleasure pain.

Anf. Your son (my Lord) is well.

King. *I* prethee speak that thrice.

Anf. The Prince your son is safe.

King. O where *Anselmo*? surfet me with that.

Anf. In *Aragon*, my Liege, and at his parting,
Bound my secrecie.
By his affections love not to disclose it:
But e're of him, and pitie of your age,
Makes my tongue blab what my breast vow'd, concealment.

King. Thou not deceivest me,
I ever thought thee what *I* find thee now,
An upright loyal man.
But what desire or young-fed humour
Nurs'd within his brain,
Drew him so privately to *Aragon*?

Anf. A forcing Adamant,
Love mixt with fear and doubtful jealousie,
Whether report gilded a worthless trunk,
Or *Amadine* deserved her high enrolment.

King. See our provision be in readiness,
Collect us followers of the comliest hue,
For our chief guardians, we will thither wend;
The chrystal eie of heaven shall not thrice wink,
Nor the green flood six times his shoulders turn,
Till we salute the *Aragonian* King.
Musick speak loudly now, the season's apt,
For former dolours are in pleasures wrapt. *Exeunt*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himself.

Muce. Now *Mucedorus*, whither wilt thou go?
Home to thy father to thy native soil,
Or trie some long abode within these woods?
Well, I will hence depart and hie me home,
What hie me home said I? that may not be:
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie,
Then *Mucedorus* do as thou dost decree;
Attire thee Hermite like within these groves:
Walk often to the beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there, and seat thy self thereon:
And when thou feel'st thy self to be athirst,
Then drink a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinks on thee,
And will one day pledge thee at this Well.
Come habit, thou art fit for me: *He disguiseth himself.*
No Shepherd now, an Hermite must I be:
Methinks this fits me very well:
Now must I learn to bear a walking staff,
And exercise some gravity withall.

Enter the Clown.

Clow. Here's through the woods and through the woods,
To look out a Shepherd, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft, who have we here? what art thou?

Mu. I am an Hermite.

Clow. An Emmet, I never saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Muce. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a solitary life within these woods.

Clow. O, I know thee now, thou art he that eats up all the Hips and Haws: we could not have one piece of fat Bacon for thee all this year.

Muce. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seek in these woods?

Clow. What do I seek? for a stray Kings daughter,
Run away with a Shepherd.

Muce. A stray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepherd,
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

Clow.

Clo. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Master and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer these woods then they were used (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Bear. Now my Master plaid the man, & ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him too w sir, comes me a shepherd, and he strikes off the Bears head; now whether the Bear were dead before or no, I cannot tell; or bring 20 Bears before me, and bind their hands and feet, and I'll kill them all: how ever since *Amadine* hath been in love with the shepherd; and for good will she is even run away with the shepherd. (me?

Muce. What maner of man was he? canst describe him to

Clow. Scribe him, ay I warrant you that I can: a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, well-favoured fellow, a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

Muce. Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I find you, or whats your name?

Clow. My name is called Master *Mouse.*

Muce. O Master *Mouse*, I pray you what office might you bear in the Court?

Clow. Marry sir, I am Rusher of the Stable.

Muce. Oh, Usher of the Table.

Clo. Nay, I say Rusher, and I'll prove mine Office good: for look you sir, when any comes from under the sea, or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and strew Rushes presently, therefore I am a Rusher, a high Office I promise ye.

Muce. But where shall I find you in the Court?

Clo. Why, where it is best being, either in the Kitchin eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will provide for thee a piece of Bief and Brewis knuckle deep in fat: pray you take pains, remember Master *Mouse.* *Exit.*

Muc. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you,
Ah *Amadine*, what should become of her?
Whither shouldst thou go so long unknown?
With watch and ward each passage is beset,
So that she cannot long escape unknown.
Doubtless she hath lost her self within these woods,
And wandering to and fro she seeks the Well,

Which

Which yet she cannot find, therefore I will seek her out. Exit.

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. Amadine, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremos* cruelties.
Though I were dumb, and could not answer him,
The beasts themselves would with relenting tears
Bewail thy savage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My love, Why dost thou murmur to thy self?
Speak louder, for thy *Bremo* hears thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no, the shepherd is my love.

Bre. Have I not sav'd thee from sudden death,
Given the leave to live that thou mightest love,
And dost thou whet me on to Cruelties?
Come kiss me (sweet) for all my favours past.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therfore pardon me.

Bre. See how she flies away from me,
I will follow, and give attend to her.
Deny my Love! A worm of Beautie,
I will chastise thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head upon the block.

Ama. O spare me *Bremo*, love should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himself.
If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lion or the Bear,
And like a Wolf, pray not upon a Lamb.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my Queen,
Ile crown thee with a chaplet made of Ivorie,
And make the Lillie and Rose wait on thee:
Ile rend the barbie broaches from the Oak,
To shadow thee from burning Sun.
The trees shall spread themselves where thou dost go,
And as they spread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quails, and Partridges,
With Black-birds, Larks, Thrushes, and Nightingales,
Thy drink shall be Goats-milk, and Christal water,
Distilling from the Fountains, and the clearest Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely give thee to obtain thy love.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my Love,
With all the pleasures till it I can devise:
And in the night Ile be thy bed-fellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in mine arms.
Ama. One may, so may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs, and the wood-Nymphs shall attend on thee
And lull thee sleep with musick sound,
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Lark shall sing good morrow to my Queen,
And whilest he sings, Ile kiss mine *Amarine*.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. When thou art up, the wood-lanes shall be strewed
With Violets, Cow-slips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to tread upon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deer,
To chase the Hart, and how to rouse the Roe,
If thou wilt live to love and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Macedorius.

Bre. Welcome sir; an hour ago I look't for such a guest:
Be merrie wench, weel have a frolick feast:
Here's flesh enough for to suffice us both:
Say, sirrah, wilt thou fight, or dost thou mean to die?
Mac. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou want'st a weapon, why then thou yield'st to die?
Mac. I say not so, I do not yield to die.
Bre. Thou shalt not chuse, I long to see thee dead.
Ama. Yet spare him, *Brenno*, spare him.
Bre. Away, I say I will not spare him.
Mac. Yet give me leave to speak.
Bre. Thou shalt not speak.
Ama. Yet give him leave to speak for my sake.
Bre. Speak on, but be not over long.
Mac. In time of yore, when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their lives in loathsom Cells and Woods,

And

And wholly gave themselves to wilfull will,
A rude unruly route, then man to man became
A present pray; then might prevailed,
The weakest went to wall:
Right was unknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus lived in their great outrages
Behold one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudeness unto reason brought,
Who led by reason, soon forsook the woods,
Instead of Caves, they built them Castles strong,
Cities and Towns were founded by them then:
Glad were they, they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amitie.
Weighing their former wickedness,
They tearm'd the time wherein they lived then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now, *Bremo* (for so I heard thee call'd)
If men which lived tofore, as thou dost now,
Wilde in woods, addicted all to spoil,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meane:
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cause thee to return
From Murther, blood-shed, and such like cruelties:
What, should we fight before we have a cause?
No, let's live, and love together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or dye: or fight, or else thou dyest.

Ama. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bre. Away, I say, thou troublest me.

Ama. You promised to make me Queen.

Bre. I did; I mean no less.

Ama. You promised that I should have my will.

Bre. I did: I mean no less.

Ama. Then save the Hermits life, for he may save us both.

Bre. At thy request Ile save him, but never any after him.
Say Hermit, what canst thou do?

Mu. Ile wait on thee, sometime upon thy Queen.
Such service shalt thou shortly have, as *Bremo* never had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo

Segaſt. Come ſirs, what ſhall I never have you find out *Amadine* and the Shepherd.

Clow. I have been through the woods, and through the woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet.

Rum. Why, I ſee a thouſand Emmets, thou meaneſt a little one.

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw was bigger then thou art.

Rum. Bigger then I, what a fool have you to your man? I pray you Maſter turn him away.

Segaſt. But doſt thou hear, was he not a man?

Clow. I think he was, for he ſaid he did lead a Salt-ſellers life round about the wood.

Segaſt. Thou wouldſt ſay, a ſoliterie life about the wood.

Clow. I think it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a fool thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wiſe man: why he did nothing but ſleep ſince he went.

Seg. But tell me *Monſe*, how did he go?

Clo. In a white Gown, and a white Hat on his head, And a ſtaff in his hand.

Seg. I thought ſo, he was an Hermit, that walked a ſoliterie life in the woods.

Well, get you to dinner, & after, never leave ſeeking till you bring ſome news of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clo. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we do now?

Rum. Faith Ile whom to dinner, and afterwards to ſleep.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hang'd?

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall never find them: Well, Ile once more abroad, and if I cannot find them, Ile never come home again.

Clo. I tell thee what, *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt go in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midſt.

Rum. Content, let's away to dinner; *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. Unknown to any here within theſe woods,
With bloodie *Bremo* do I lead my life;
The Monſter he doth murder all he meets,

He

He spareth none, and none doth him escape?
Who would continue, who but only I,
In such a cruel cut-throats companie?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuse?
Ah sillie soul, how often time she sits,
And sighs, and calls, Come Shepherd, come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come set me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by;
But here she comes: What news fair Ladie,
As you walk theese woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermit, none but bad,
And such as thou knoweſt.

Muc. How do you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muc. And why not yours? methinks he loves you well?

Ama. I like not him; his love to me is nothing worth.

Muc. Ladie, in this methinks you offer wrong.
To hate the man that ever loves you best,

Ama. Ah, Hermit, I take no pleasure in his love,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me best.

Muc. Pardon my boldneſs, fair Ladie, ſith we both
May ſafely talk now out of *Bremo's* ſight,
Unfold to me, if you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe,
How, when, and why you came into theſe woods,
And fell into this bloodie butchers hands.

Ama. Hermit, I will: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did love.

Muc. A Shepherd, Ladie! ſure a man unfit to match with you.

Ama. Hermit, this is true: and when we had——

Muc. Stay there, the wild man comes,
Refer the reſt until another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? what whiſpering have we here?
Villain, I charge thee tell thy tale again.

Muc. If needs I muſt, lo, here it is again.
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee,
It griev'd us both; but ſpecially thy Queen,
Who in thy abſence ever fears the worſt,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall your Royal Grace.

Shall my sweet Breme wander through the wood,
Toil to and fro for to redress my want,
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?
I like not this, quoth shee:
And thereupon crave to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My answer was, I had small skill therein:
But gladsome (mightie King) to learn of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Wast so? none can mislike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight; but first, my Queen begin;
Here take this weapon, see how canst use it.

Ama. This is too bigg, I cannot weild it in mine arm.

Bre. Is't so? wee'l have a knottie crabtree-staff for thee;
But sirrah, tell me, what saiest?

Muc. With all my heart, I willing am to learn.

Bre. Then take my staff, and see how thou canst weild it.

Muc. First, teach me how to hold it in mine hand.

Bre. Thou holdest it well; look how he doth,
Thou maiest the sooner learn.

Muc. Next tell how, and when 'tis best to strike.

Bre. 'Tis best to strike when time doth serve,
'Tis best to loose no time.

Muc. Then now or never it is time to strike.

Bre. And when thou strikest, be sure to hit the head.

Muc. The head?

Bre. The verie head.

Muc. Then have at thine. *He strikes him down dead.*
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to desert,
Or else a worse, as thou deservest worse.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to see.

Muc. Now, Ladie, it remains in you
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You said you loved a Shepherd.

Ama. I, so I do, and none but only him;
And will do still as long as life doth last.

Muc. But tell me, Ladie, sith I set you free,

What

What course of life do you intend to take?

Ama. I will disguised wander through the world,
Till I have found him out.

Muc. How if you should find your Shepherd in these woods,

Ama. Ah! none so happie then as *Amadine*.

He discloseth himself.

Muc. In tract of time, a man may alter much:
Say, Ladie, do you know you Shepherd well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus* hath set me free!

Muc. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liv'd so long unknown to *Amadine*?

Muc. Ay that's a question whereof you may not be resolved:
You know that I am banish'd from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape unknown;
Therefore my will is this that we return
Right through the thick as to the wild mans Cave,
And there a while live on his Provision,
Until the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my councel, and I like it best.

Ama. I think the very same.

Muc. Come, let's be gone.

The Clown searcheth, and falls over the wild man, and so carries him away.

Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here? abote on you
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certain stray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench sir, we would have.

Muc. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lustie, Ile call a cool'ng card for you: O Master, Master, come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Segast. What's the matter?

Clow. Look, *Amadine* and the Shepherd: O brave!

Seg. What, Minion, have I found you out?

Clow. Nay, that's a lie, I found her out my self.

Seg. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad?

When

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nigh?
Ama. Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand:
Shew your assurance, then Ile answer you.
Seg. Thy Fathers promise my assurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd, he hath not perform'd.
Seg. It rests in thee for to perform the same.
Ama. Not I.
Segast. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore even no.
Clow. Master, with a none, none so.
Seg. Ah wicked villain, art thou here?
Muc. What need these words? weigh them not.
Seg. We weigh them not, proud Shepherd, I scorn thy com-
Clo. Weel not have a corner of thy companie. (panie
Muc. I scorn not thee, nor yet the least of thine.
Clo. That's a lie, a would have kil'd me with's pugs-nando.
Segast. This stoutness, *Amadine*, contents me not.
Ama. Then seek another that may you better please.
Muc. Well, *Amadine*, It onely rests in thee,
Without delay to make thy choise of three:
There stands *Segasto*, a secod here,
There stands the third: now make thy choice.
Clow. A Lord, at the least I am.
Ama. My choice is made, for I will none but thee.
Seg. A worthie mate (no doubt) for such a Wife.
Clo. And *Amadine*, *why wilt none but me?*
I cannot keep thee as thy Father did;
I have no lands for to maintain thy state:
Moreover, if thou mean to be my Wife,
Commonly this must be thy use,
To bed at midnight, up at four;
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily victual for to win;
And last of all, which is the worst of all,
No Princess then, but a plain Shepherds wife.
Clo. Then God gee you good morrow goodie Shepherd.
Ama. It shall not need if *Amadine* do live,
Thou shalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

Clow. O Master laugh, when he is a King, He be a Queen.

Muc. Then know that which neretofore was known:
I am no Shepherd, no *Aregonian*,
But born of Royal blood: my Father's of *Valentia* King,
My Mother Queen: who for thy sacred sake
Took this hard task in hand.

Ama. Ah, how I joy my fortune is so good.

Segast. Well, now I see *Segasto* shall not speed,
But *Macedorius*, I as much do joy
To see thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a Kingdom had befain me this time:
I with my heart surrender her to thee.

He gives her to him.

And look what right to *Amadine* I have.

Clow. What barns door, and born where my Father was Constable? a bots on thee, how dost thou?

Muc. Thanks *Segasto*, but you leveld at the Crown.

Clow. Master, bar this, and bear all.

Segast. Why so, sirrah?

Clow. He saies you take a Coose by the Crown.

Segast. Go too sirrah; away, post you to the King,
Whose heart is fraught with careful doubts,
Glad him up, and tell him these good news,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clow. I go Master, I run Master. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Break heart, and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life;
How can I joy except she were in my sight?
Her absence breeds great sorrow to my soul,
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twain.

Collin. Forbear those Passions, gentle King,
And you shall see t'will turn unto the best,
And bring your soul to quiet and to joy.

King. Such joy as death, I do assure me that,
And nought but death, except of her I hear,
And that with speed, I cannot sigh thus long:
But what a Tumult do I hear within?

They cry within, joy, and gladnes.

Collin. I hear a noise of over-pitching joy
Within the Court: my Lord, be of good comfort,
And here comes one in hast.

Enter the Clown running.

Clown. A King, a King.
Cob. Why, how now sirrah, what's the matter?
Clown. O, 'tis news for a King, 'tis worth money.
King. Why sirrah, thou shalt have silver and gold if it be good.
Clow. O, 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine.*
King. O, what of her, tell me, and I will make thee a knight.
Clow. How, a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright. Master, get you away, if I be a Spright, I shall be so lean I shall make you all afraid.
Cob. Then (Sot) the King means to make thee a gentleman.
Clow. Why, I shall want parrel.
King. Thou shalt want for nothing.
Clow. Then stand away, strike up thy self, here they come.

Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyal daughter.
King. What, do mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine?* Rise up daughter, and let these embracing arms
Shew some token of thy Fathers joy,
Which ever since thy departure hath lien gusht in sorrow.
Ama. Dear Father, never were your sorrows
Greater than my griefs:
Never you so desolate as I comfortless:
Yet nevertheless knowing my self
To be the cause of both, on bended knees
I humbly crave your pardon.
King. Ile pardon thee (dear daughter) but as for him.
Ama. Ay, Father, what of him?
Kin. As sure as I am King, and wear the Crown,
Ile be reveng'd on that accursed wretch.
Muc. Yet worthy Prince, work not thy will in wrath, shew favour.
Kin. I, such favor as thou deservest.
Muc. I do deserve the daughter of a King.
Kin. Oh impudent! A Shepherd and so insolent.

Muc.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.

King. In fair conceit, not Princely born.

Muc. Yes, Princely born, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queen, and of Valencia both.

King. What, *Mucedorus*! welcom to our Court.
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguised?

Muc. No cause to fear, I caused no offence,
But this, desiring thy daughters vertues for to see,
Disguis'd my self from out my Fathers Court,
Vnknown to any in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles near to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker been,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will give her to me,
Even as mine own, and Sovereign of my life,
Then shall I think my travels all well spent.

King. With all my heart, but this,
Segasto claims my promise made to fore,
That he should have her as his onely wife,
Before my Councel, when he came from War.
Segasto, may I crave thee let it pass,
And give *Amadine* as Wife to *Mucedorus*?

Segast. With all my heart, were it a far greater thing,
And what I may to furnish up their rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.

King. Thanks good *Segasto*, I will think of this.

Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilest I live,
Account of me in what I can or may.

Ama. Good *Segasto*, these great courtesies
Shall not be forgot.

Clow. Why, hark you Master, bones what have you done?
What given away the wench you made me take such pains
for? you are wise indeed. Mass and I had known of that, I
would have had her my self: faith Master now we may go
to breakfast with a Wood-cock pie.

Segast. Go to sirrah, you were best to leave this knavery.

King. Come on my Lords, lets now to Court,
Where we may finish up the joyfullest day

That ever hapt to a distressed King!
Were but thy Father, the *Valentine* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot.

A flourish within. Enter Messenger.

What shout was that?

Mes. My Lord, the *Valentia* King,
Newly arriv'd, intreats your presence.

Mus. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes give him entertainment:
A happier Planet never reign'd than that
Which governs at this hour. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Brachius, with others: the King runs and embraceth his Son.

King Val. Rise honour of my age, food to my rest.
Condemn not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behaviour, to compell'd by nature,
That manners stood unacknowledged.

King Ara. What we have to recite would tedious prove
By Declaration, therefore in and feast,
To morrow the performance shall explain
What words conceal: till then, Drums speak, Bells ring,
Give plausive welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Envy.

Com. How now *Envy*, what blushest thou already?
Peep forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with courage praise a womans deeds;
Thy threats were vain, thou couldst do me no hurt,
Although thou seemd'st to cross me with despight,
I overwhelm'd, and turn'd upside down thy blocks,
And made thy self to stumble at the same.

Envy. Though I stumbled, yet not over-thrown,
Thou canst not draw my head to mildness:
Yet must I needs confess thou hast done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee;
Say all this, yet canst thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the conquest neither.

A double revenge another time Ile have.

Com. Envy, spit thy gall;
Plot, work, contrive, create new fallacies,
Teem from thy womb each houre a black Traytor,
Whose blood and thoughts have twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,
Cast native monsters in the moulds of men;
Case vicious devils under sancted robes;
Unhasp the wicket where all perjuries roost,
And swarm this ball with treasons, do thy worst,
Thou canst not (hell-hound) cross my spear to night,
Nor blind that glory where I wish delight.

Envy. I can, I will.

Com. Nefarious Hag, begin,
And let us tugg till one the mastery win.

Envy. *Comedy*, thou art a shallow Goose,
Ile overthrow thee in thine own intent,
And make thy fall my Comick merriment.

Com. Thy Policy wants gravity, thou art to weak;
Speak friend, as how?

Envy. Why, thus.
From my foul study will I hoist a wretch,
A lean and hungry meager Canibal,
Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chewing malice;
And him Ile make a Poet.

Com. What's that to the purpose?

Envy. This scrambling Raven with his needy beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy;
Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,
Pleasing to fictious brains;
And every other where, place me a jest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment then blows:
Then I my self, quicker then lightning,
Will flie me to the puissant Magistrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his back,
In midst of jollity rehearse those gauls,
With some additions, so lately vented in your Theater;
He on this cannot but make complaint

To our great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to hear the folly;
This is a trap for boys, not men, nor such,
especially deceiful in their doings,
Whose fraid discretion rules these purposes;
I and my faction do eschew those vices:
But see, O see, the weary Sun far rest,
Hath lain his golden compass to the VVest,
Where he perpetual bide, and ever shine,
As *Davids* off-spring in his happy Clime.
Stoop *Envy*, stoop, bow to the earth with me,
Let's beg our pardon on our hended knee. *They kneel.*

Envy. My power hath lost her might, *Envies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall down and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wise Arch *Cæsar* on this earth,
At whose appearance *Envie's* stracken dumb,
And all bad things cease operation:
Vouchsafe to pardon our unwilling errour,
So late presented to your gracious view,
And weel endeavour with excess of pain,
To please your senses in a choiser strain.
Thus we commit you to the arms of night,
Whose spangled carkass would for your delight,
Strive to excel the day: be blessed then,
Who other wishes, let him never speak.

Envy. Amen.
To Fame and Honour, we commend your rest,
Live still more happy, every hour more blest.

FINIS.